

## OFTEN THE CASE.

Women Struggle Hopelessly Along,  
Suffering Backache, Dizzy Spells,  
Languor, Etc.

Women have so much to go through in life that it's a pity there is so much suffering from backache and other common curable kidney ills. If you suffer so, profit by this woman's example: Mrs. Martin Douglass, 52 Cedar St., Kingston, N. Y., says: "I had a lame, aching back, dizzy spells, headaches, and a feeling of languor. Part of the time I could not attend to my work and irregularity of the kidney secretions was annoying. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me prompt relief." Sold by all dealers, 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## HIS FATE.



Mr. Dude—I was thinking how much I resemble your carpet—always at your feet, you know.

Miss Sly—Yes, very much like my carpet. I'm going to shake it soon.

## Too Much for His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the Sad-Eyed Individual, "are invariably good. In fact, I think that I may venture, without fear of undue exaggeration, to say that they are very good. But I never act on them! I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad! In fact, I think I may say, without fear of misrepresentation, that they're punk."

"Well," suggested he who was listening, "why don't you wait until third thoughts, and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the Sad-Eyed Individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life!"

## At His Own Risk.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.—Stray Stories.

## For the Public Taste.

The following makes a very popular fish, the usual name given it being "funny paper." Take three mother-in-law, two Irishmen, one German one or two tough kids and a coon; mix and stir well. A jag is considered to add flavor. Sprinkle in a little spice and ginger, and garnish with rawlows. The addition of a pinch of sardense is advisable, though not essential. Chestnuts are used for stuffing. The dish is usually roasted, though poaching is not uncommon.—The Bellman.

## JOY WORK

And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:

If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy-work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellbeing" in every package.—There's a Reason.

# I'VE BEEN THINKING

About Those Air Hogs

By Charles Battell Loomis

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

I want to voice what might be called a prophetic complaint. It is connected with the use of the upper air for purposes of transit.

Of course, everybody knows that we'll never have fewer airships than we do now. In spite of an accident here and there that spills a daring aviator to jealous mother earth, where she gives him his quietus, aviators are going to become as thick as the leaves that Milton made so hackneyed, and by this time in 1929 most people will live in the air, and the earth will be a place to which they will go in the summer months for a change.

We all know this, we feel it. To be sure at present there seems to be a little difficulty in making aeroplanes go if there is any wind stirring. The ideal day for an aeroplane is a day that would bring dismay to an ocean navigator, and a sudden gust meant to be playful is very apt to cause a propeller to break or a wing to snap off, and then the aviator hears the sneers of the birds as he brings his flight to an inglorious stop.

But let us remember that ten years ago we were all sneering at the "senseless toys," the automobiles, and calling on the officers of the law to stop them, absolutely, from taking up the roadway for the purpose of hav-

how many acres that steel man of So-and-So has?" I said I did not. "Well, sir, he has—he has I don't know how many acres." "Really? You astonish me," said I. "That's a lot for one man to have."

In the near future they will have more than that and of course they will control it clear up to heaven, even if their lives are not all they should be. When airships are perfected a millionaire can fly up to heaven's gate and take a look at the place from which his millions may debar him.

There are kind millionaires, shoals of them, but there are lots of curmudgeon millionaires who will refuse right of way across their cloud-bestrewn pastures in the air.

I know it. I feel it in my bones. My son Tommy, whose father has only the money that comes to him when he can induce editors to pay up, will have his innocent aerial run-about, costing perhaps \$100, and as he is a careful boy I'll let him aviate all he wants as long as the price of gasoline remains at reasonable rates.

Now do you think it is a square deal for old Peter Frezimaut to put up floating barbed wire fences around his aerial estate and decorate them with notices reading: "No trespassing here. This is not a public way. Go around?"

By George, my blood boils at the idea. Go around! Do you know how far it is around the Frezimaut property? Well, it's I don't know how many miles, that's what it is, and if my son has only from school-closing until supper time—and we have supper at sharp six because my wife likes to get the little children to bed at eight and she can't if they eat meat and we have supper late—I say if Tommy has only a couple of hours for aviating it's a pretty how-do if he is brought to a dead stop because Frezimaut is so selfish he won't let anybody go over his land—not even a quarter of a mile over his land.

What are we going to do about it? Shall the people rule or must we sit down and calmly let men of the Frezimaut type confine us to certain realms in the air?

In the old days the millionaire's



The Fenced Cloud Pastures.

ing accidents in which innocent bystanders or overcrossers were generally the victims. We said that they would never amount to anything and that the sooner we forbid them the use of any roads the sooner we should stop their manufacture. That was ten years ago and now look at us! We give up all our roads to them and we are fast coming to have the French idea that if people get run over by them, so much the worse for those run over. Why should sensible persons use such antiquated means of locomotion as legs? If you would be up to date buy an automobile and develop speed mania—at your leisure.

So it will be in regard to airships. When we see them bursting out of lazy-looking June clouds, and when the air is full of egg shells from some Sunday school picnic 1,000 feet nearer the sun than the crest of the earth is, and accidents to airships are no more frequent than automobile accidents are to-day, we will forget that we ever called them foolish toys. We will all own them and we will have so accustomed ourselves to sudden drops through 1,000 feet of air to be brought up safely by somebody's patent pneumatic buffer that when we ride in an express elevator to the one hundred and seventy-fifth story of some heaven-scraping office building there will be heard no gusty little "ahs" from timid ladies who fancy that their hearts are about to escape by way of their mouths.

And then it is that the cause of the complaint at which I hinted will manifest itself.

The plutocrats are daily adding to their estates. A friend of mine said to me the other day: "Do you know

dictum to the common man was: "Get off the earth." Now it's "Keep out of my air or you'll suffer for it."

It isn't fair. It isn't American. By George, we won't stand it! Either my son Tommy and your son Jack and we ourselves are to be allowed to take our peaceful flight wherever it is proper for a bird to fly or else we'll have the constitution changed, by-gorry, and then where will the millionaire be?

Rally, fellow citizens! Let us rally and call open-air meetings, upper-air meetings, and insist upon our aerial rights. The air is free, and if my son Tommy wants to aviate across Frezimaut's landed estates 1,000 feet above them he's going to do it or we'll know the reason why.

## Needed All Three Seats.

Managers of London theaters are not unfamiliar with men who are so desirous of comfort that they book an extra stall on which to rest their hat and coat. At the duke of York's theater, however, a man at the last matinee paid for three stalls for his sole use.

He explained that his comfort required that no one should share the arms of the chair he occupied, and for that reason he paid for a seat on each side. On one of them he placed his coat and hat, on the other a bag of biscuits, which he ate during the performance.

A lady who wanted to move into one of the three seats because it was in a better position than her own inquired, when the situation was explained to her, if it would not be possible to provide the man with a sofa.

## THE WONDERBERRY.

Mr. Luther Burbank, the plant Wizard of California, has originated a wonderful new plant which grows anywhere, in any soil or climate, and bears great quantities of luscious berries all the season. Plants are grown from seed, and it takes only three months to get them in bearing, and they may be grown and fruited all summer in the garden, or in pots during the winter. It is unquestionably the greatest Fruit Novelty ever known, and Mr. Burbank has made Mr. John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, N. Y., the introducer. He says that Mr. Childs is one of the largest, best-known, fairest and most reliable Seedsmen in America. Mr. Childs is advertising seed of the Wonderberry all over the world, and offering great inducements to Agents for taking orders for it. This berry is so fine and valuable, and so easily grown anywhere, that everybody should get it at once.

## Prophecy Fulfilled.

"That baby, madam," said the doctor to the proud and happy mother, "will make his mark in the world some day."

Note the fulfillment of the prediction.

In less than 16 years that boy was the scoreboard artist in a great baseball park.—Chicago Tribune.

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A woman no sooner forgives an injury than she proceeds to forget about having forgiven it.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Silver is of less value than gold; gold, than virtue.—Horace.

It Cures While You Walk  
Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, callous aching feet. 25c all drug stores.

Arms and laws do not flourish together.—Caesar.

Ita cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.



## "A Little Cold is a Dangerous Thing"

and often leads to hasty disease and death when neglected. There are many ways to treat a cold, but there is only one right way—use the right remedy.

## DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

is the surest and safest remedy known, for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy. It cures when other remedies fail.

Do something for your cold in time, you know what delay means, you know the remedy, too—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

Bottles in three sizes, \$1, 50c, 25c

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Per Salzer's catalog page 129.  
Largest growers of onion and vegetable seeds in the world. Big catalog free; or, send 16c in stamps and receive catalog and 100 kernels each of onions, carrots, celery, radishes, 1500 each lettuce, rutabaga, turnips, 100 parsley, 100 tomatoes, 100 melons, 1000 charming flower seeds, in all 10,000 kernels, easily worth \$1.00 of any man's money. Or, send 20c and we will add one pkg. of Earliest Peep O'Day Sweet Corn.  
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FRANK T. HUNTER, President,  
THE TRUSTEE COMPANY, Seattle, Wash.

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